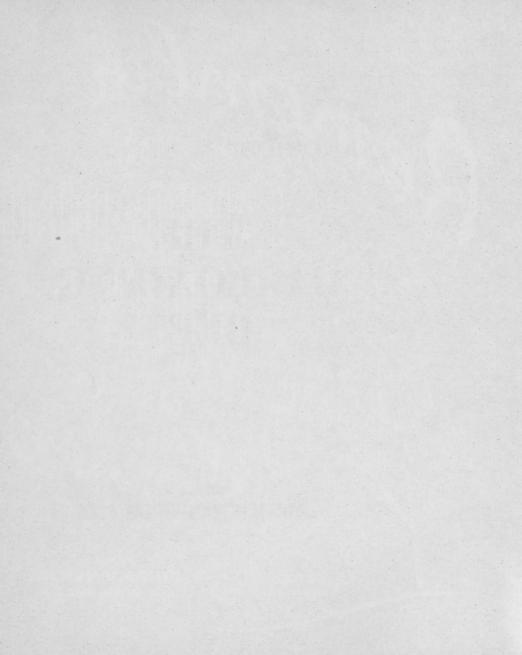
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Published by

SASKATCHEWAN WHEAT POOL

Head Office: REGINA



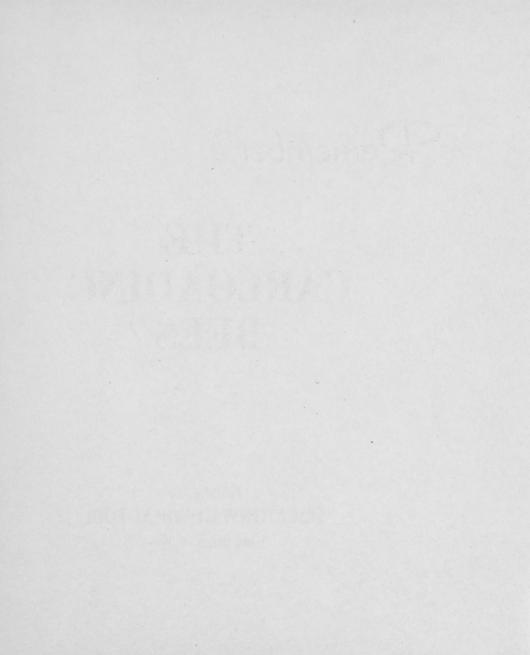
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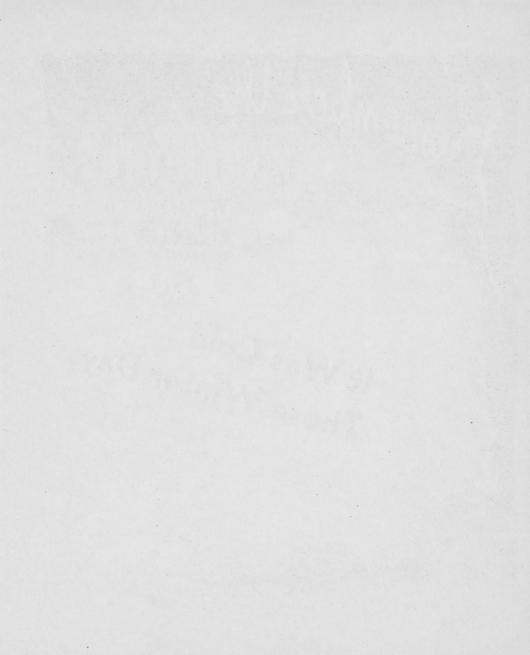
THE CARLOADING BEES?

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Communicative Description of the Communication of t

It Was Cold
Those Winter Days

HE night before, the telephone had started ringing . . . two . . . three . . . four. You knew that it would be your turn next . . . one-two . . . one-three . . . one-four. You knew instinctively what the message would be. You knew your neighbor had his name on the car order book.

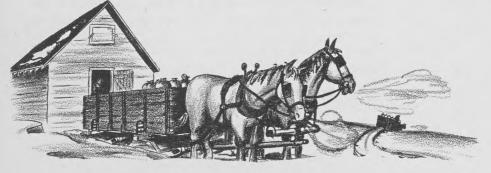
You knew it had been spotted at the loading platform that very afternoon. Strange that cars were always spotted when the winds blew cold! Sure you'd be there with a team and sleigh. You knew it wouldn't be long before you'd be calling him on the telephone. You had your name on the book, too.

You had fought along with your fellow farmers for the right to load your own grain direct into boxcars. You had demanded loading platforms. You had won your fight. Sure you'd help him—you'd fight on.

You were breaking a new trail that was to take you much farther than you knew.

But it was cold those winter days.





Sure It Was Cold Those Winter Days

HE white horses, phantoms of frost and ice, were there to prove it. Your hands were numb with the cold as you plied your grain scoop—bag after bag. Funny how stiff and cold a canvas bag could be at – 40°.

You gathered it together at the top. Even the twine was cold. You twisted it twice around and over the third finger. Around again and under.

Sure your fingers were cold. You couldn't work with mitts and you daren't work without them.

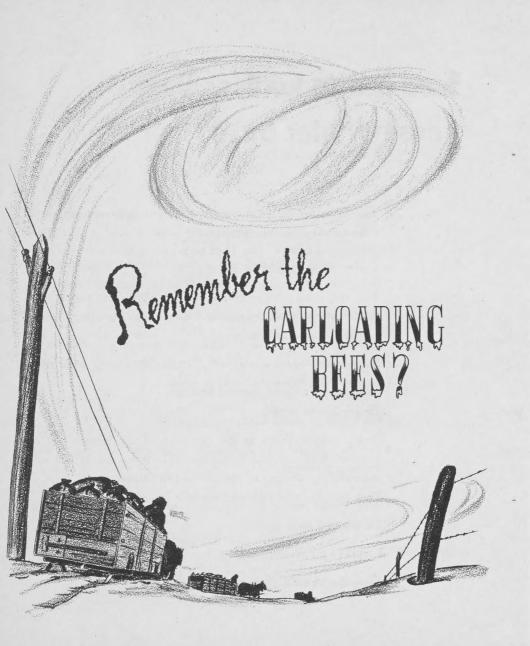
Heavy, those sacks.

You dragged them to the doorway of the granary. You hoisted them into the sleigh box. Then you backed in another empty sleigh and started all over again.

You didn't know it, but yours was a rendezvous with Destiny.

Cold?

Sure it was cold those winter days.



Sure The Snow Was Deep

THE lead team had some tough sledding.

You had tough sledding, too.

Your feet got cold. You swung your hands around your sides to keep up the circulation.

When roads permitted, you walked behind the load. When the going was tough you kept a firm hand on the lines.

Tough enough job to load up once.

You didn't want to take a chance of dumping the sacks in the snow.

That ten-mile drive seemed endless.

No trucks in those days.

You had fought for the right to load your own car at the loading platform.

Your neighbor had fought, too.

Sure you'd stick by him.

It wasn't all smooth sailing, but you'd fight with him still.

Sure, the snow was deep.

REMEMBER

CARLOADING BEES?



You were turning the last mile!



YOU were turning the last mile.

The horses were white with hoar frost.

Old man winter was spray painting with the breath from their nostrils.

You were nearing the end of a three-hour test of endurance. In this day of jet planes you could have been across an ocean or over a new continent.

You had worlds to conquer, too, but the way was long and cold and tedious.

But you and your team and your neighbor's team plodded on.

There was a feeling of satisfaction as you drove up the ramp with your sleigh.

Then began another gruelling test of strength. There were no grain augers then.

You carried the sacks on your back—dumped them in the box car.

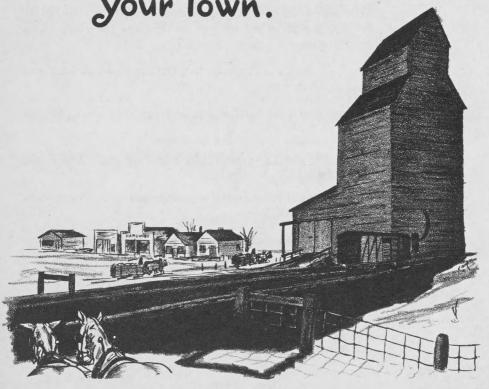
Then you got inside in the dust and shovelled.

Then you carried more sacks.

You weren't aware of it then, but you were turning the last mile.

REMEMBER THE CARLOADING BEES?

Sure There Was An Elevator in Your Town.



T cast its shadow across your path in the late afternoon as you drove the last sleighload up the ramp and began unloading.

Bags! In the last load they were always bigger and heavier! It was colder in the late afternoon.

You could have driven your load to the elevator and saved yourself a lot of work. But you didn't. You'd been there before.

You'd had a hard struggle working early and late to produce that wheat.

Save yourself work?

Well, maybe, but lose the fruits of your labors, too, perhaps.

You'd continue to do it the hard way.

You'd fight for the right to load your own grain into a box car and get its proper value.

Sure there was an elevator in your town.

How could you miss knowing it.

It cast its shadow across your path.

Sure there was an elevator in your town.

It cast its shadow across your path.

Remember the CARLOADING BEES?

You had time to think.



OU had time to think on those cold trips home.

You kept thinking about the shadow of that elevator.

It could make life so much easier for you. Why must it always cast a shadow across your path?

Platform loading was the hard way.

Still you'd tried the other to your sorrow.

The shadow was not of your imagination.

The shadow was real.

Yet it didn't need to be. You could change the shadow into a ray of hope.

It didn't need to cast a shadow of gloom. It could become a symbol—a shining light—a torch of freedom.

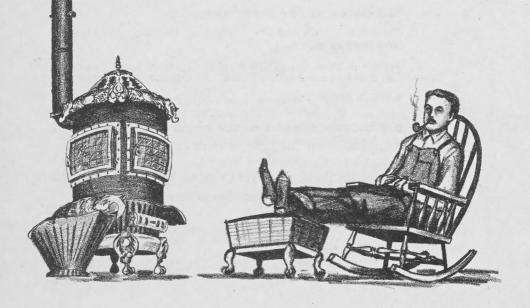
You could break loose your chains. You could make the monster your slave instead of your master.

You could own it and control it, and make it work for you instead of against you.

Sure it was cold, but . . .

REMEMBER THE CARLOADING BEES?

Sure There Must be a Better Way.



OU had been thoroughly chilled on the long trek home from town.

By the stove that evening you sat and relaxed.

You felt your muscles tingle as the warmth drove out the last recollection of biting cold.

You knew you had another cold, hard trip tomorrow.

You knew also that the smoke was rising from the chimneys of farmsteads across three provinces from fires that were warming people just like you who had been battling the weather that day for exactly the same reason.

Sure there must be a better way.

If you could have talked to that group that night they would have agreed.

But ideas have wings. Your fellow farmers were thinking, too.

A large body of farmers, familiar with the details of seed time and harvest—familiar with the preparation of a seed bed, had not fully realized that a seed bed had been prepared in the minds of thousands of farmers.

Ideas take root in such fertile ground.

A loyal army was awaiting marching orders, all of whom remembered the carloading bees.

Sure there was a better way, and they'd find it.

REMEMBER THE CARLOADING BEES?



T was nurtured in the soil of discontent.

Out of the hardships—the long treks to town—the biting cold—carloading the hard way—came a demand for something better.

Elevators didn't need to cast a shadow over the lives of striving pioneer farmers.

If properly controlled they could ease the burden, not increase it.

Sure there was a better way.

Ownership! That was the answer.

The same army took to the roads again. This time it was ideas they were marketing—not wheat.

Their goal was not dollars, but destiny.

If they could but enlist the help of all those who had been chilled to the marrow as they had been chilled—if they could contact those who had plodded over frozen trails and toiled under the weight of heavy sacks, their victory would be certain.

Sure there was a whole army awaiting marching orders, all of whom remembered the carloading bees

REMEMBER

the CARLOADING BEES?

Callita
Statue of Liberty



SURE there's a different elevator in your town.

Across its side in bold letters is emblazoned the word "POOL."

Call it a monument if you like. Call it a Statue of Liberty. Whatever name you wish to attach is incidental.

The fact remains that it has eliminated the drudgery and hardship that you experienced in the carloading days.

In outward appearance it is similar to the one that cast its shadow across your path in the carloading days.

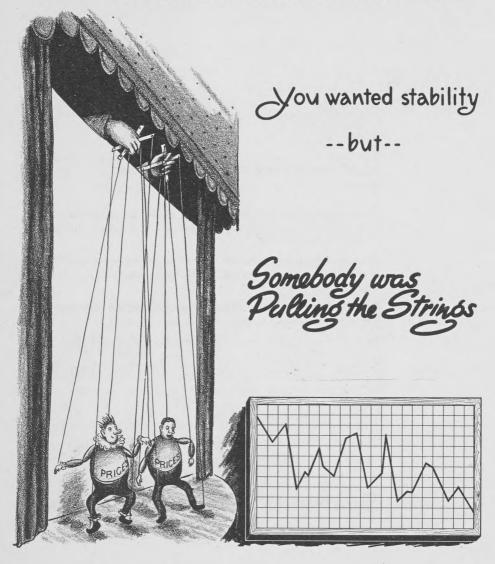
The difference is that you own it and direct its operation—that a staff of loyal employees is operating it to give you service at cost and to return to you those savings that co-operative ownership and efficient operation can give. Sure you dreamed of such a service on those long, cold treks.

You knew that ideas had wings.

That's why there is now an elevator in your town that carries a guarantee of service and fair dealing.

Sure there's a Pool Elevator in your Town

REMEMBER THE CARLOADING BEES?



OU thought when you got your own elevator system that the fight was ended—that victory was won.

It wasn't.

You had the facilities to handle the grain—you had removed the drudgery of the carloading bees.

But-

You weren't fully aware that there was a group of gamblers and speculators that had much more influence on the market than you had.

Prices were going through a wild orgy of booms and busts which you hadn't stopped. Somebody behind the scenes was pulling the strings.

You couldn't call the tune. All you could do was pay the piper.

You paid him through sawdust prices for your wheat.

Then you worked and fought for a Wheat Board, and for an International Wheat Agreement. You were determined to cut the strings that manipulated the dancing price puppets.

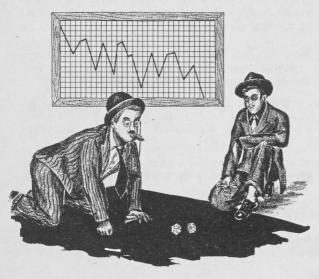
You worked and fought with the same zeal and determination with which you fought in the early days.

You still remembered the Carloading Bees!

REMEMBER

the CARLOADING BEES?

The Gamblers
Still Had
the Urse to Gamble



FTER years of struggle you appeared to have achieved your objective.

You had a Wheat Board.

You had an International Wheat Agreement.

Agriculture was enjoying a degree of price stability never dreamed of in the Dirty Thirties.

But forces were at work. They were working in the night—in secret rooms—forces that sought to destroy Wheat Board marketing and split apart the 46 nations which had signed the International Wheat Agreement.

In England the grain trade shouted: "Return to the open market and get cheaper wheat."

On this side of the Atlantic the grain trade was shouting: "The Wheat Agreement has cost the farmers millions—get the open market back and get better prices."

On one side of the Atlantic the open market meant lower prices. On the other side it meant higher prices.

It was obvious both could not be right.

It was the cry of desperation aimed at achieving the return

of gambling and speculation. The gamblers still had the urge to gamble.

You faced the danger of losing those things you fought for back in the carloading days.

Comember the CARLOADING BEES?

To You It Was a Crusade

N the carloading days, you braved the winds and the biting cold in your fight for sound marketing.

To you it was a crusade.

You organized the Wheat Pool.

You built and acquired elevators.

Then you worked for a Wheat Board and an International Wheat Agreement.

You had to fight every inch of the way, and the fight is still on.

Wheat Board marketing is constantly under attack.

The organized grain trade on either side of the Atlantic, both openly and by secret lobby have been attacking the International Wheat Agreement.

Price stability and a gambler's market don't go hand in hand. The gambler doesn't like stability—he likes violent price fluctuation. It matters not to him if the price be high or low. To him the only essential is that it keeps moving.

So the fight must go on. Farmers must forever stand guard to hold what they have achieved, and to make new gains.

They must work with the same zeal and determination that they used before.

They must interest the support of every man that can be mustered.

They may find inspiration in recalling the zeal and determination of the Carloading days.

